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ORIGINAL POETRY.

FIDES.

Is summer, when the trees are clad
In robes of green,
The nest the cunning bird has made,
And hid within the foliage shade,
Cannot be seen.

When autumn's frost and winter's blast
Have stripped the trees,
And deadness over all things cast,
The bird-nest mid the branches placed
Each traveler sees.

In prosperous days, when joy has filled
The Christian's breast,
When all is his that Earth can yield,
His FAITH in Jesus is concealed,
And lies at rest.

But when affliction chills his joys,
And hope declines,
When poverty his peace destroys,
Faith then its highest power employs,
And brightly shines. P. X.

STANZAS.

THE years of my boyhood so sportive and gay,
Like vapors of morning have vanished away:
And youth's brightest visions of hope and of bliss,
When friendship is felt and affection's sweet kiss,
Now seem like the months of a genial year,
So gaily they bloom, but so soon disappear.

The days of my manhood are coming apace,
These visions of bliss with rude hand to efface:
But Time's blasting power shall never remove
The days of my friendship and days of my love.
No! ne'er shall it be that those feelings are gone,
Till life's latest sigh from my bosom hath flown. H.

May 15th, 1835.

ORIGINAL TALES.

The Heiress.

Concluded.

Oh, the heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close:
As the sun-flower turns on his god when he sets,
The same look that he turned when he rose. Moore.

TIME passed unheeded by. The sudden rush of wheels aroused Miriam from the dreamy mood into which she had fallen—the next moment Eugene and Henry burst into the room. Adelia sprang up at the sound of Henry's voice, and was clasped in his arms. She started back and shrieked as she saw his bosom covered with blood.

"Oh, Henry, you are murdered, and I am again desolate—desolate! My Henry!" and she sunk upon his bosom.

"No, dearest, I am not murdered; but we must fly this moment, for we shall be pursued. Eugene, order fresh horses and another carriage instantly."

Eugene sprang from the room with the agility of an antelope. Adelia raised her head from her husband's breast, and looked anxiously, inquiringly into his face.

"Fear nothing for me," said Redmond, tenderly; "my wounds are slight compared with those of my antagonist. His, I fear, are mortal."

"And who was he?" inquired the agitated wife.

"The despicable Hartland. He challenged me at the hotel, and spoke of you so shamefully that the blood boiled and hissed in my veins. I accepted the challenge—what Southron ever declined one?—and appointed the time and place for our meeting. Eugene was my second—his I do not know—but I think he was called—"

"In heaven's name what do you, Henry!" cried Eugene, as he flung himself into the room. "'Tis death if you linger!"

The trunks were instantly carried out, and Eugene bearing Adelia in his arms, assisted her into the coach. Miriam was soon at her side—the brothers took the opposite seat, and little George rested upon his bosom who was the only father he had ever known. No word of love or grief was spoken—but all seemed busied with their own dark thoughts. The driver met with nothing to impede his course, and the coach continued wheeling over the ground, like a bird in its rapid flight when pursued by the carnivorous hawk. The long, death-like silence was broken by Miriam:

"When will our journey terminate," she asked in a low voice.

"Probably to-morrow night," answered Eugene.

At daybreak they entered a vast forest of pines, through which the road passed. Proceeding a few hours longer in the same direction, they arrived at an opening in the wood, through which the driver turned his horses into a path which led to the very depths of the forest. A few miles distant from the main road they came to a small creek, where they halted. The poor horses were immediately taken from the coach, and, tethered, left to graze. The brothers, assisted by their man, dragged the coach into the centre of a clump of trees, where the thick foliage effectually concealed it from view. Henry then requested the ladies to seek needed repose during his absence, assuring them that he should return soon. He then joined his brother and man, and each taking a trunk, they were soon lost in the mazes of the wide forest. The

driver carried a huge pack swung over his shoulders, and for awhile the ladies were absorbed in wondering what it might be.

About noon the pedestrians returned, and found the poor creatures they had left, faint with fatigue and hunger. They were sitting near the creek to which they had been led by thirst to procure water. Cheered by the prospect of soon finding food and rest, Adelia and her companion exerted themselves to reach their place of destination.—Weak and trembling himself, Henry supported his delicate wife on his arm, until, overcome with weariness, she could go no further. Eugene had thus far supported Miriam, but then the kind-hearted girl urged him to assist his fainting sister:

"Leave me," she said, with an entreating look, "leave me and bear Adelia to some place where she can have food and rest—then return for me. Leave me, and I will follow as fast as I may be able."

Eugene had not been wounded, and could endure fatigue much better than his brother, and taking his sister in his arms he proceeded, followed by Henry, who assisted Miriam as best he might, and by the coachman carrying in his arms the little George. Presently the party entered a thick clump of trees, in the centre of which stood a little cottage, entirely concealed from view by the broad branches and thick leaves, and almost buried beneath the forest-vines that clustered around it. The door was flung open, and Eugene hastening forward, laid his fair burden on a couch, and bathed her temples and brow with fresh water that gushed from a clear cool spring on one side of the cottage. She soon revived, but as she gazed around her she almost fancied she had been transported to some fairy land. She found herself upon a rich couch, in a small but elegantly furnished room in the midst of which was a table covered with wholesome and nourishing food. Miriam was by her side, and her husband and his brother stood gazing upon her, evidently much enjoying her surprise.

"Come, Adelia," said Eugene, breaking the silence, "partake of the food before you—nor say nor gnome hath spread it, so fear no interruption. I ordered it ere we left home, for I deem it but poor policy in flying from one danger to run into another still greater."

The repast finished, Adelia inquired why a cottage had been built and so beautifully furnished in the deep fastnesses of the forest, and by whom.

"Our father," replied Eugene, is "naturally timid, and loves nothing so much in the wide world as peace and tranquility. During a former insurrection, fearing for his own safety and that of his family, he had this beautiful cot fitted up, that he might fly to it and remain secure in times of danger. How little did he deem that it would ever be necessary to our safety."

Early the following morning the coachman collected his horses and returned.—Eugene and Henry found sufficient to amuse them, and for awhile seemed perfectly happy. It was a new scene to them, and it seemed that they would never tire in gazing upon its varied beauties. The hours which, unemployed, would have been irksome, were divided between angling in the river for salmon and pike, (which added to the provisions stored in the cottage furnished a luxuriant table,) and hunting in the forest. Adelia and Miriam were delighted with their new abode—it was indeed most beautiful and its site peculiarly romantic. They strolled together on the river's bank and gathered the wild flowers and fruits that grew there in wild luxuriance; or gazed with admiration on the bright waves as they dashed against the shore, or swept tranquilly on with the sunbeams dancing on their lifted crests. Leaning on the brothers' arms they roved through the forest paths, and wearied themselves in tracing the tiny rivulets to their source.

At length, however, weary of retirement and the sameness of his forest life, Eugene expressed his determination to return to Redmond House. Every argument which affection could invent was tried by his brother to prevail upon him to remain, but all to no purpose. He departed, assuring Henry that if he found it dangerous to appear at home, he would return, or leave the country. There was an evident change in Henry's whole character after the return of his brother. Lonely and dispirited, he seemed insensible to the loveliness and affection of his beautiful wife, and turned silently away from her unnumbered exertions to dissipate the gloom from his mind. By every endearment she could lavish upon him she strove to melt away the icy coldness that seemed gathering over his heart, but still in vain—and even while words of love and tenderness were trembling upon her lips, his unkindness pierced like a barbed arrow to her heart, and a keen, cutting pain ran quivering through every nerve. Alas! for the change in that brief period! Had Redmond ceased to love? or did he now exhibit the native bitterness of his soul? Neither. It was remorse—the remembrance that the life of a fellow-being had been poured out by his hand, that gnawed and burned upon his very heart. True, his antagonist had fallen in honorable and equal combat, and the chivalric Southron deemed his quarrel just; but, though believing in the necessity of duelling, this was the first encounter of the kind in which

he had been engaged, the first time that he had ever shed the blood of a fellow-being. It was in vain that he strove to shake off the gloom that clung to his spirit, for ever in the dim twilight of that gloomy wood a bloody form was stretched before him, a death-groan trembled on his ear.

Suddenly aroused from the torpor that had so long bound him, Redmond expressed his anxiety to know the result of his affair with Hartland.

"I am not willing to remain here longer, neither will I," said he to Adelia. "I am determined to know the worst, be the consequences what they may."

"Do not go, Henry," she cried, "if you love me, do not go."

"Fear nothing, Adelia. I will take the precaution to disguise myself so effectually that no one will recognize me; and if I find there is no danger to be apprehended from our affair, I will return for you, and we shall again be settled in our own quiet home."

Throwing his arms around her, he pressed his lips to hers, and bidding her an affectionate farewell, struck off into the forest paths, and the interposing foliage soon hid him from her sight. In the drear solitude to which Adelia was left, the memory of the past revived and glowed with the vividness of reality. She thought of Henry—of his late coldness and unkindness towards her, and contrasted his manner with the uniform tenderness and affection of her departed Lockwood. In his soul lived nought but purity and love, and Adelia worshipped him as the bright sun of her existence. No marvel then that he was lost to her so soon. All the deep love she had ever cherished for him still lived in her breast, and now in her loneliness she wandered along the paths of the forest, breathing his name and mingling her low sighs with the melancholy music of the pines. True, when she was first wedded to Henry, a light shadow was cast over the memory of Lockwood—but now it was withdrawn. The breeze seemed hushed and the green pines bowed their heads as if to listen to her sweet voice as she mournfully murmured:

"All the bright scenes of love and youth
Revive, as if they had not fled,
And fancy paints, with seeming truth,
The form she rescues from the dead."

The gentle Miriam was not insensible to the sorrow that preyed upon the heart and the health of her fair friend. True, she had never felt the blighting touch of sorrow—had never wept over the unfulfilment of hope—yet deeply did she sympathise with that sorrowing one to whom her spirit clung. She was alive to every pang that wrung her sister's heart—her mild voice responded to every sigh that burst from that mourner's lips. Nor was that sympathy vain. A holy calm dawned upon Adelia's soul, and she blessed Miriam for her faithfulness and love.

Henry Redmond had been absent nearly two weeks, when one evening Adelia and Miriam sat together on the ottoman, watching the dark rolling clouds as they were driven together, forming one vast firmament of blackness and gloom. Adelia left the side of her friend, and leaning against the casement, listened as if for the approach of her husband. Here our story commenced, and it will be recollected that Adelia was left reposing upon her couch, after the completion of her own narrative, while Miriam guarded her slumbers. She was aroused by the low wail of her boy, and raising herself upon her arm, she pressed him to her bosom and strove to hush him to rest. But he continued his complaining cry, and pressed his little hands to his head as if suffering from intense pain. The mother's heart was wrung with agony as she looked upon his faded face, where sickness had left the mournful record of its withering power. The illness of a few days had indeed wrought a melancholy change in little George, stealing the roses from his cheek and the lustre from his bright blue eyes.

The winding of a mellow horn, echoing over rock and river, mingled with the muttering of the far-off thunder and was heard at brief intervals above the roar of the storm, growing fainter and fainter until it died away. It was immediately recognized by the cottagers as the one which Henry Redmond usually wore, when upon his hunting excursions. Adelia carefully placed her boy in the arms of her friend, threw open the door and hastened towards the river. The splash of oars was just distinguished above the roar of the chafing waters. A sudden flash discovered to her three dark figures stepping from a boat that had just come to its moorings. They darted beneath a small shed that stood near the water's edge, for at that moment the rain commenced pouring down in torrents. Adelia felt as if chained to the spot—another flash revealed her form to the astonished gaze of the rude boatmen.

"Comrade, saw you that white form?" muttered a hoarse voice.

Adelia turned and fled—she heard footsteps in swift pursuit, and bounded on with accelerated speed, until she reached the cottage and sank, fainting, upon the steps.—She shrieked as she was raised in the arms of a man who was muffled in a cloak: he threw it off, the light from the cottage door streamed full upon his face—and the happy wife wept tears of joy upon the bosom of her husband.

"The rain is over, love—see, the bright stars are peering through the rifts of the flying clouds. Now we may go in safety. Come, wrap your mantle around you, dearest."

"No, Henry, it may not be. I cannot go to-night."

"Adelia, death treads upon my heels!—shall I linger here and meet it, or will you

fly with me? You know that I will not leave you."

"Go, dearest Henry, go to France or England, and when my boy is well, I will follow you—ay, to the world's end, if need be. But not to-night—the winds are high—the dark waves dash fearfully: for my own life I fear not, but his I dare not hazard."

"Again I repeat, there need be no fear. In my arms, wrapped in his own fur cloak and beneath mine—"

"George is too ill to be moved. See his sunken eyes—his parched lips—and his breath is hot and feverish. It would be certain death to expose him to the night-air now. Such murder must not be upon a mother's soul."

"Leave him then with Miriam—she is good and kind—and we will send for them."

"Desert my sick and orphan babe!—Never!"

"No more!—Adelia, you shall go with me."

"No, Henry—a more imperative duty than I owe to you commands me to stay. I cannot leave my child—I dare not take him with me, and I must therefore remain. Do not, dearest, do not urge me more."

"And is it thus? I have loved, have worshipped you, have periled my life and soul to save you, and now in the hour of trial you desert me! Gracious Heaven! is this my reward? Adelia, adored yet faithless one, farewell!"

He cast one look of despairing anguish upon his wife, then rushed from the house. It was in vain that Adelia called him—he heard her not. The long line of distance was stretched between them. The desolate one flung herself upon the ottoman in hopeless agony. The dark, still hour of midnight passed heavily away. Miriam sat by the couch of the sick babe, administering to his wants, striving to soothe and alleviate his sufferings. At early dawn the young mother arose and went out into the open air—no footstep could she trace, and the boat had left its moorings. Returning to the cottage, with her own delicate hands she prepared their morning meal. It was a sorrowful repast.

"Did Redmond say our retreat had been discovered?" asked Adelia.

"He did, and we may expect Goodwin here presently with his clan. But let us meet them calmly."

"Hark!—what sounds are those—the tramp of horses?"

"It is indeed," said Miriam, advancing to the window, and instantly retreating.

Adelia watched the riders as they sprang from their saddles and approached the cottage, and met them with a polite and dignified air that at once commanded their respect. To their interrogations respecting her husband, she merely replied that he was not there.

"And where then is he?" asked Goodwin, in a voice of thunder.

"You are at liberty to seek him," she calmly answered.

Every room and corner was ransacked, and when they were satisfied that neither Redmond was there, they prepared to depart. Goodwin returned to the room where Adelia was quietly sitting by the couch of her child. He spoke to her more calmly than at first:

"Adelia, against you I meditate no evil. Had I found you ere you was again wedded, and while Alcanor lived, I would still have accomplished my purpose—but he is no more, and where, where," he cried, elevating his voice, "is your accursed husband, his murderer? Tell me, child, and after I have avenged my poor boy's death, I will then be kind to you—will be your protector. Speak, child, where is he?"

Adelia answered in a voice which she strove to render calm—"Mr. Goodwin, I have never cherished aught for you but kindly feelings, deeply as you have wronged me. Erase not those feelings now by heaping insult upon one whose life you have yourself embittered."

"I!—and how, in the name of Heaven?"

"By the death of my father I was left at your disposal. You know full well how the power given you was used."

"I strove but for your happiness, and you were a fool or you would have acceded to my wishes, and married Alcanor instead of eloping with that ignoble Southron."

"Mr. Goodwin, my bearing to you has ever been respectful—compel me not by your rudeness to forget the courtesy due to my father's friend."

"I pity you, poor thing," he said with a sneer, as he left her, to join his companions.

As the last sound of their horses' hoofs died away in the distance, Adelia burst into tears. She thought of her guardian as he had been to her in early life, and as he was then—and the thought was full of bitterness. It passed away—and she was absorbed in anxiety for her darling boy. Exchanging with Miriam, she would watch and rest by turns. The fever left him, and he was slowly convalescing, when John, the coachman, came to take them home, and with feelings of joy the friends prepared to accompany him. They were nearly two days on their journey, for they found it necessary to travel by easy stages on account of the continued weakness of little George.

Again surrounded by affectionate friends who continually studied her happiness, her boy again playing by her side in all the activity of renovated health, somewhat of the gloom that had hung over Adelia's spirit was removed, and at times she seemed even happy. Gertrude Lockwood was now every thing to her, her almost constant companion, the sharer of all her joys, and the cheerer of the long, weary hours that dragged heavily away. At this time, too, the mourner's heart was gladdened by the receipt of a letter from her mother. It was

the first she had received since her flight from the north. Her mother wrote as if she felt that her authority and love had been neglected, yet wrote affectionately. She informed Adelia of the sudden death of her guardian, and concluded with an earnest entreaty that she would visit her soon. Adelia was pained at the news of her guardian's death, for in spite of his many faults and his unjust treatment of herself, she loved him still—yet with that pain was mingled something of joyful hope that now her husband's danger was over, and he might return to his home in safety.

She began to prepare for her journey, and in a few days set off, accompanied by Gertrude and Miriam. A more joyful welcome than they received at their arrival could not have been anticipated. Mrs. Hayne caressed her daughter with all the affection and tenderness that a mother's heart can know, and smiled and wept by turns as she looked upon her beautiful boy.

Adelia had been with her mother but a few weeks when the latter proposed that they should return once more to the north, and learn the condition of the estate left to Adelia by her father. Though at first reluctant to undertake so long a journey, fearing that it would be too fatiguing to her little George, she was at length overcome by the persuasions of her mother, and consented to accompany her. Mr. Hayne was of the party. They arrived in safety at their place of destination, found the estate much involved, which rendered it necessary for them to remain much longer than they had anticipated. Immediately after their arrival, Adelia despatched a note to her early friends, the Blakes, informing them of her presence in her native village. But a brief time elapsed, ere Horace and sweet Mary Blake were announced. The meeting of the friends was a joyful one. Blake expressed his happiness at seeing them again and his eyes sparkled with delight as he held the hand of the beautiful Gertrude Lockwood in his own, for he had loved her from the first moment that he saw her in her southern home.

On the banks of the river where in happier days she had strolled with Lockwood, Adelia again strolled with Mary Blake, followed by the brother with Gertrude leaning confidently upon his arm. But when she visited the fairy dell and the place where she had been rescued by her beloved George, she permitted no one to follow her. There were memories connected with those spots, buried deep in her soul, and unshared by human sympathy.

One lovely evening Adelia sat in her own arbor, with Mary by her side. She had long been gazing upon her sweet sister, whose soft voice came like music to the ear, as she leaned upon the arm of Blake and conversed with him in a low and earnest tone.

"It gladdens my heart," said Adelia,

turning to Mary, "to look upon their quiet happiness. Just like Gertrude I used to lean upon the arm of my own George.—Oh, tell me, Mary, how is Emily Gray? I am surprised that Gertrude has never asked about her."

"She did soon after I saw her, and went early the next morning, with my brother, to—"

"And without me!—oh, that was unkind. She knew that I loved Emily."

"But you looked so ill that Gertrude requested that you might be left."

"Oh, she is a dear girl, and I will go another time."

"I will go with you now, if you please," said Mary, rising.

"Thank you, and let me lean upon your arm, for I am faint and weak. Dear Mary, you are kind."

Leaving the arbor, they passed through a wicket gate, and from thence into the street. They pursued their way in silence, Mary with drooping head and downcast eyes. As they were passing the churchyard, Adelia stopped suddenly.

"Let us go in here," she said; "it is a long time since I have seen my father's grave, and I would look upon it when its turf is green and the mellowed light of evening rests upon it."

Adelia knelt at the grave of her departed parent, and the tears gushed freely from her soft blue eyes, and mingled with the dew drops that moistened the green sod above him. When she arose, her cheek was pale and her lips quivered, as she faintly murmured:

"Not thus, dear Mary, can I weep at the grave of my Lockwood, for he rests—" a deep sigh told more than words could express.

"Look, Adelia, newly made graves are here—many of your former friends, whom you left in the halls of mirth, are sleeping in this quiet spot."

Mary wished to draw her friend's mind from those memories which gnawed like a cureless gangrene at her heart.

"But whose is that where the evergreen just begins to creep upon the marble pillar?"

Mary took the hand that was raised to point out the spot—"A friend of yours, of mine, sleeps there."

They approached it—Adelia stooped to read the inscription:

SAVED TO THE MEMORY OF
EMILY GRAY.

She could read no farther, but covering her face with her hands, sank upon the green sward.

"Oh, Emily! vainly I strove to save you. Not for my own sake alone did I break the vows which bound me to your heart's idol, but for thine. Mary, did you know how well she loved Hartland? He was my betrothed—she loved him—I did not. On the morning that I called your brother to hear the declaration which I made to

Hartland and my guardian, I first went to see poor Emily. I knew that she was dying—hers was a slow disease which wasted her early life. Still I hoped that what I was about to do might eventually save her. I shall never forget her look when I told her that I withdrew all claims that I had upon Hartland, and from that moment resigned him to her. Even when affianced to me, he strove to win her love, and you know how fatally he succeeded. But he has had his reward, and that, oh God! has made my Henry a murderer!"

Shuddering, she rose, and grasping Mary's arm, hurried her from the spot. Bewildered, she walked round the churchyard, and losing the direction of the entrance, she paused at a far corner and for awhile stood gazing on vacancy. As she again turned to go, her eye rested for a moment upon a grave apart from all the rest.

"Mary," said she, "who sleeps in this low and lonely grave which is so overgrown with thistles and rank weeds?"

"One whose life was a long-protracted agony—whose path was strewn with briars and thistles. Ask me no more, Adelia."

"Poor Vituria!—her life was a weary one, but she rests quietly now. Know you her history? She was betrayed by him she loved—forsaken by him she trusted—her heart was crushed by his treachery and neglect—her cup of happiness dashed for ever in the dust—then madness came to her relief."

"Adelia, let us leave this place. I seldom come here, and to this grave *never*.—An undefinable and superstitious terror pervades my soul as I stand in this melancholy spot—come, Adelia, let us away."

As they were leaving the silent home of the dead, Adelia's thoughts again reverted to Emily. "Tell me, Mary," said she, "tell me of Emily Gray."

"After you left for the south she seemed for awhile like herself, and we thought that she would again be happy. The barrier between herself and Hartland seemed broken down, and she hoped to be to him what you had been. How cruel was her disappointment! He visited her no more as formerly, with a heart overflowing with tenderness and love. Oh, the bitterest scorn had taken the place of those tender feelings, and he met her only to heap upon her the keenest reproaches, and to curse her as the cause of his misfortunes. 'But for you,' he would say to her, 'I might still have possessed my own lovely girl—you drove her from me, and I am accursed!'"

"Oh, Mary—can it be that he was unkind and cruel to her he loved so deeply? Strange, mysterious man!"

"Emily had not a spirit to endure sorrow so deep and hopeless, and she faded away in her broken-heartedness. And when he knew that she was dying, he still cursed on, even more bitterly than before. That was the gnawing of 'the worm that

never dies'—he felt his guilt and vainly strove to heap it upon her. Sweet girl! she died in youth, in beauty, and in innocence—and the young villagers decked her grave with thornless roses. In life she wore the thorns in her heart—in death we trust that she is happy."

The business accomplished which brought them from the south, Mr. and Mrs. Hayne with their suite commenced their preparations for returning. At the earnest solicitations of the Blakes, however, they consented to remain a week longer with them. When they departed, Horace and Isabelle Blake accompanied them several days on their journey. It had been previously settled that Mary Blake should accompany the tourists home, and remain with the Lockwoods until her brother should come to redeem his pledge and claim the beautiful Gertrude as his own, for already was she affianced to him.

Gertrude and her friend Mary, after a few days spent at Mr. Hayne's, took their leave, and proceeded on to the home of the former; while Adelia and Miriam remained. Mrs. Hayne was an amiable and intelligent woman, and Adelia found in her the same kind and indulgent mother that had watched over her infant years. Their long separation seemed to have bound their hearts more closely to each other; and day after day would they sit together, each gazing upon the loved form and face of the other with a fondness, a tenderness which is only known to those whose hearts are formed for love. Theirs was the accumulated love of years. They would talk of the past and the present, of the changes and trials of years, until Adelia would lay her head languidly upon her mother's bosom, and softly murmur, "Mother dearest!" and then, as if the memories of early life, mingled with those of later years, were awakened, the tears came gushing freely and fast, and she would sob like a very child. And her beautiful boy would then climb upon her lap, and twine her light curls around his snowy fingers, and press his soft lips to her pale cheek while the tears yet lingered upon it—and gushingly, and fervently came blessings from her yearning heart as she pressed him to her breast, his tiny arms still clasping her neck.

The long and mysterious silence of her husband, and the drear uncertainty that hung over his fate, still harassed Adelia's mind, and kept her in a state of feverish suspense entirely incompatible with health. At one time she would fancy him murdered by some of the myrmidons of Goodwin—at another, would come the fear, scarcely less terrible, that, angry at her refusal to accompany him on his precipitate flight, he had for ever abandoned her, and sought forgetfulness of her and of home amid the gayeties and dissipation of a foreign land. Her waking thoughts were thus continually occupied with what served only to ag-

nize her heart—and her dreams were still more terrible, for in her hours of sleep reason gave up the reins entirely to imagination, and often would she start from her dreams, shrieking—"Save him! save him! See! see! they murder my Henry!—they murder my Henry!" Then the soft, sweet voice of Miriam would fall upon her ear, tenderly, soothingly, and she would rest her head upon the bosom of the dark-browed girl, and weep till she grew calm.

These harassing fears, clinging to her thus by day and by night, were making fearful inroads upon a naturally delicate constitution. Day by day her debility increased—an oppressive languor crept over her frame, binding every nerve with its leaden weight—her voice grew more tremulous and low, and she seemed fast hastening to the dreamless quiet of the grave. Her mother and Miriam exerted themselves to the utmost to dissipate the gloom that hung over her spirit, and she would thank them for their tenderness and love with much emotion, and then, as if to cheat herself and them into a belief that she was happy, she would try to smile—but it was a mournful smile that told only of a breaking heart.

Eugene Redmond had returned to his home soon after the death of Goodwin; but nothing had yet been heard of Henry. His friends generally believed that he had sailed for Europe under an assumed name, and were not disturbed by those fears for his safety which agitated the bosom of his wife. That several months should elapse, and they yet hear no tidings of him, somewhat surprised, but did not alarm them; for they could think of a thousand things that might delay a letter written from a foreign port, and they dismissed their half-formed fears, looking forward with hope to the arrival of the next packet as the time when they should hear news of the wanderer. Eugene was too much engrossed with Mary Blake to give a moment to fear, and knowing as he did the spirit of enterprise and the thirst for adventure which had ever characterized his brother, he saw but little ground for anxiety on his account.

But while such uncertainty relative to the fate of Redmond rested upon the minds of his friends, there was one who knew well his every movement, and could easily have removed all apprehension on his account from the hearts of those who loved him.—This man was a neighbor of Redmond's and the post-master of the place. When Goodwin had satisfied himself that Redmond had fled and left his wife behind, he judged correctly, that he would write to her or to his parents, that they might not remain in suspense on his account. He therefore immediately proceeded to the post-master, with whom he had previously been acquainted, and by a large bribe induced him to bind himself by a solemn oath to deliver no communication either to Adelia or to the Redmonds that contained any intelligence of Henry; but, should the fugitive write to

his friends, as doubtless he would, to destroy the letters and immediately inform his employer where the young man could be found. By this course of villainy Goodwin flattered himself that he should ensure a double revenge—and while he should torture or break the heart of the wife by suspense or fear, he should be able to seize the husband and bring him to punishment.—The former he certainly did, but ere he could effect the latter, God smote him with a painful disease which hurried him into eternity, his darling hopes unrealized and his revenge unsatisfied. Still the post-master continued to destroy all of Henry's letters, partly from the hope of a farther reward from some of the creatures of Goodwin, and partly because, villain though he was, he feared to violate the oath by which he had bound himself to withhold all information concerning the wanderer from his friends. Perhaps God in his overruling providence permits none of his creatures to become perfect monsters, utterly free from all moral restraint, but connects with their depravity a certain infirmity of mind that acts instead of virtue, to some degree at least, to bind the hardened wretch to some of the moralities of society. It was so with the post-master, and while he could coolly plot to wreck the happiness of a most estimable family from which he had received nothing but kindness, he feared to violate an oath lest he should be visited by the immediate vengeance of God. It may not be improper to add in this place, that his villainy was subsequently discovered and he visited with the penalty of the violated law.

It will now be necessary to return for a moment to Henry. Finding himself unsafe while he remained near home, and knowing that Goodwin, determined upon revenge, was in pursuit of him, he made arrangements for leaving the country under an assumed name, and even engaged a passage for himself, his wife and Miriam, in a packet about to sail for Havre. How illy he succeeded in inducing his wife to accompany him, we have already seen.—This unexpected refusal changed the whole plan of his flight, and instead of proceeding to the seaport where he was to embark, he bent his course for the north. A classmate and dear friend, with whom he had corresponded from the time they had quitted their Alma Mater, resided at Montpelier; and to him Henry resolved to relate his story, and claim his protection. He traveled day and night until he reached Montpelier, and was cordially received by his friend. Telling him the occasion of his flight and the necessity of his concealment for a time, he requested him to find some situation where he could remain secluded and unannoyed by suspicion. His friend immediately interested himself in his behalf and procured for him a clerkship in a small bookstore. Here he was safe. He wrote immediately to his parents and to Adelia, but the letters never reached their destination, for what

cause the reader has already learned. He continued writing to his wife, imploring her to answer his letters; but receiving no reply whatever, he became gloomy and reserved, and at length brought his mind to the belief that Adelia had cast him off and was resolved to have no more to do with one whom she must consider as a murderer. His friend noticed the change which had come over him, but attributed it to remorse, cherished and fed by the remembrance of the fatal deed that caused his flight, and strove by every kindness and attention to wile his soul from such unpleasant memories.

Henry could not know that his letters never reached the one for whom they were intended, and he therefore attributed her silence to a settled determination on her part virtually to annul the marriage vow. Then he would call to his mind her many tender- nesses towards him—her anxieties for his safety—her ardent love continually expressed by word, and look, and act—and his mind was tormented by a thousand fears, vague and undefined indeed, but still most harassing to his soul; till at length, unable any longer to endure the torture of suspense, he suddenly resigned his clerkship, bade adieu to his friend, and resolved at all hazards to visit his home again, and learn the worst. He reached his father's residence in safety, and surprised his friends by his sudden appearance; but they surprised him still more by the information that neither themselves nor Adelia had heard a syllable of him during his absence. All doubts of her continued devotion to him were now dissipated, but he was alarmed and distressed by the account he received of her precarious health, and without tarrying for rest, he immediately set off for the residence of Mr. Hayne, determined to see his wife before he closed his eyes in sleep.

It was a glorious night. The queenly moon sat throned upon the heavens, and hosts of stars were gathered around her like courtiers around an earthly monarch. Adelia sat by the lifted casement, and her eyes were raised to the firmament that glowed above her, while her soul seemed to have winged its flight to the Paradise of God, for life, love, and hope were centered there. Again her spirit drooped, and her humid eye fell upon the sweet face of her boy, as he lay hushed upon her bosom. She bowed her head and pressed her lips to his fair brow and her warm tears fell like rain upon his cheek. Aroused from his slumbers, he flung his arms around his mother's neck and looking into her face, he said:

"Sing to me *Mamma Adelia*, and *Miriam* dearest, sing to me."

"Yes, dearest," said the young mother, "this is the hour for music. *Miriam*, let us sing the evening hymn which we so oft sang together at our cottage in the forest."

The plaintive tones of the mother blended sweetly with the rich melody that gush-

ed from the full soul of the dark-eyed girl, as they sung the following words :

VESPER HYMN.

SHADES of Evening! ye have cast
To the earth your woven pall,
And the night is coming fast
Over wood and waterfall—
Dimmer grows the dying light,
Though its beauty lingers yet:
Look! upon the brow of Night
Like a gem is Venus set!

Softly in the shadowy pines
Floats a spirit-winged breeze,
And the starlight dimly shines
On the tall and ancient trees:
Tones of music linger there,
Lifted on the willing wind—
Holy as the whispered prayer
From the soul that never sinned!

Bounteous Benefactor! thou
Hast preserved us through the day:
Humbly would we thank thee now,
As we kneel to praise and pray:
While the day of life shall last,
Guide us wheresoe'er we roam—
When the night of death is past,
Take us to thy Heavenly Home!

"Now," said Adelia, as the last notes died away, "leave me for awhile, dear Miriam—should I want you again to-night I will call you."

Miriam retired.

"Now am I indeed alone," said Adelia; "alone with my boy in the deep stillness of this holy night—alone in this wide, wide world."

She thought of Lockwood—her own dear Lockwood. In him, all the love, the hope of her early life had been centered. Hope was blighted—love crushed in its early blooming—and the world left a dreary waste! She thought of that burial at sea—the parting wave—the sinking form—the desolation of heart and the extinguishment of reason which ensued—and a cold shiver passed over her frame as if the blood in her veins had been chilled to ice.

"There was another whom I loved," said she to herself, "whose tenderness soothed my heart—whose affection made me forget half the bitterness of life. But, O Henry, you have cruelly deserted me—you have made me drink of the cup of wo, even to the very dregs. But I will love you—love you till death; and when I am at rest, O Henry, protect my darling boy!"

The fountain of tears was unsealed.—Leaning her head upon her hand, she wept. Hours passed into eternity, yet still she sat in that selfsame spot, her tear-stained cheek resting upon her hand. Faint and sick with excessive weeping, she raised her head and gasped for breath. A deep sigh startled her—she turned, and in the pale moonlight that struggled dimly through the curtain, she saw the dark outlines of a human form. For a moment, stupified and every nerve unstrung, she had not the power to speak or move.

"Adelia!"

That voice echoed to the depths of her soul. Springing from the sofa, "My Henry!" she shrieked, and fainted in his arms.

But little more remains to be told. With Henry Redmond for her physician, Adelia soon regained her health; and when, in a few days, with her husband and Miriam, she returned to her own home, she seemed to herself like a new creature. The blood no longer flowed sluggishly through her veins—life was no more the weary load that it had been—but in every limb and fibre she felt the freshness and buoyancy of renovated health and returning hope. The cloud passed away from the mind of her husband, also—he was once more himself; and in the continual sunshine of his tenderness and love, Adelia found the memory of the past becoming less and less bitter, and resting upon the present, not as a cloud to darken, but only as a faint shadow to soften, the happiness of her heart. George Lockwood—her earliest born—grew up a tall and graceful boy, the very image of his father both in form and heart—and well did he repay his mother for all her watchfulness and care. As he bounded along the sunny fields of the south, with his beautiful, dark-haired sister by his side, the happy parents would look on and smile, and those who met them would speak a kind word to the joyous playmates, and as they passed on, would say—"Never lived lovelier children than George Lockwood and little Adelia Redmond."

Gertrude Lockwood was married to Horace Blake soon after Adelia's return to her home, and accompanied her husband to the north. The separation from so dear a friend was certainly painful to Adelia, but Eugene Redmond playfully remarked, that he would do his utmost to make up the loss by keeping Mary Blake at the south, and as she was then his wife, he thought she could have no very urgent objections to his doing so—and as he spoke, the young bride looked up into his face with a smile that said as plainly as words could say—"I shall certainly be most happy to remain with you." Mrs. Lockwood took up her residence with Adelia and her husband; and the kind-hearted and excellent Miriam remained as she had ever been, the faithful friend and companion of Adelia—the friend of all around her. Wherever there was suffering and want, her gentle step was heard, and greeted ever as the token of approaching relief. She lived to do good—and in the love that flowed forth freely to her from every heart that knew her worth, and in the approbation of a pure and tender conscience, she found her reward.

HERMIONE.

A blind man had a wife whom he loved to excess, though he was told that she was very ugly. A physician offered to cure him of his blindness—he would not consent to it. "I should lose," said he, "the love for my wife, and that love is my happiness."

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

AN AFRICAN TELL.—When passing near the Riet river gate, and while our oxen were grazing, Van Wyik, the Colonist, related to us the following interesting circumstance:

It is now more than two years since, in the very place where we now stand, I ventured to take one of the most daring shots that was ever hazarded. My wife was sitting within the house, near the door, the children were playing about her, and I was out near the house, busied in doing something to a wagon, when suddenly, though it was mid-day, an enormous lion appeared, came up and laid himself quietly down in the shade, upon the very threshold of the door. My wife, either frozen with fear, or aware of the danger attending any attempt to fly, remained motionless in her place, while the children took refuge in her lap. The cry they uttered attracted my attention, and I hastened towards the door, but my astonishment may well be conceived, when I found the entrance to it barred in such a way. Although the animal had not seen me, unarmed as I was, escape seemed impossible; yet I glided gently, scarcely knowing what I meant to do, to the side of the house, up to the window of my chamber, where I knew my loaded rifle was standing. By a most happy chance I had set it in a corner close by the window, so that I could reach it with my hand; for the opening was too small to admit of my entering, and the door of the room was open, so that I could see the whole danger of the scene. The lion was beginning to move, perhaps with the intention of making a spring. There was no longer any time to think. I called softly on the mother not to be alarmed; and invoking the name of the Lord, fired my piece. The ball passed directly over the hair of my boy's head, and lodged in the forehead of the lion, immediately above his eyes, which shot forth, as it were, sparks of fire, and stretched him on the ground so that he never stirred more. Indeed, we all shuddered as we listened to this relation. Had he failed in his aim, mother and children were all inevitably lost—if the boy had moved, he had been struck—the least turn in the lion, and the shot had not been mortal to him. To have taken aim at him without, was impossible; while the shadow of any one advancing in the bright sun, would have betrayed him; to consummate the whole, the head of the animal was in some sort protected by the door-post.—*Lichtentein's Travels.*

A poor woman lately walked ten miles to a country theatre, to see *Jane Shore*. As the weather was inclement, and she had that distance to return home at night, this was considered as a mad freak; and a girl, who knew her, was asked "if she had her intellects?" "I don't know," replied the girl, "she has got something tied up in a blue and white handkerchief."

WOMAN.—Nature has given woman an influence over man, more powerful, more perpetual, than his over her; from birth to death, he takes help and healing from her hand, under all the most touching circumstances of life; her bosom succors him in infancy, soothes him in manhood, supports him in sickness and in age. Such influence as this—beginning at the spring of life, and acting in all its most trying moments—must deteriorate or improve man's character—must diminish or increase his happiness—according to the moral and intellectual elevation or degradation of woman. Thus, upon her improvement in particular, depends human improvement in general. Call, then, upon all women to rise to a work that will bring such 'exceeding great reward.' Tell them to think more of their sex, and less of themselves—and more of universal humanity than of either. The rivalry of pretty faces and French fashions, the cruelties of coquetry, and the follies of flirtation, are all *blasphemies* against their own power, their own privilege, *that of perfecting the moral happiness and intellectual character of human nature.*

A POLICE MAGISTRATE.—Truth is not seldom extracted by accident. Mr. A., whose office is frequently clamorous with the litigators of shilling warrants, suddenly called out, "Silence, there! There's been," added he, "two or three people committed, and I have not heard a word they have said."

The Literary Journal.

EDITED BY WM. H. BURLEIGH.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1835.

We are in want of MONEY. Our patrons are too honest—too kind to put us to the trouble of giving them a second hint—at least, we would fain believe so. We want some money NOW. Perhaps it would be perfectly convenient for you, dear reader, just to hand over that trifle which is our due; for, to be candid with you; you are the very person we were thinking of when we commenced this paragraph, and we felt perfectly satisfied that you would be among the very first to hand over the change. Well, it is fortunate for us that our subscribers are always ready and willing to pay. We shall be at home to-day—and it is pleasant business, this giving of receipts.

The publication of our next number may be delayed a week or two; and the editor purposes, in the mean time to take a short trip into the country for the mutual good of his patrons and himself. Unless we mistake, we shall be able to effect an arrangement by which we can present our readers a larger and more interesting sheet. We will not, however, make any rash promises, for we may, after all, be disappointed. Should our plans succeed, our patrons shall know them in our next—if they do not, why we must be content to jog on as best we may.

A lady in Boston has written a review of, or a reply to, Fanny's Journal. It is rather caustic.

We would remind our friend of the newly-risen Aurora, that common courtesy requires an editor to give the usual credit when he appropriates to his own columns the original matter of his contemporaries. The beautiful poem which we published a few weeks since entitled, "The Return," we consider too good a thing to be filched with impunity—nor shall we suffer any more outrages of the kind upon our columns. Has not the Aurora splendor enough of its own without trying to shine in borrowed light? We give its editor fair warning now, that unless he reads his "devil" a chapter upon *meum* and *tuum*, the "devil" will yet read him a lesson the import of which will not be easily misunderstood.

Friend Yates of the Reflector comes out in his last number with more than twelve columns of original matter, and seems to think that he has done something 'unprecedented in a common newspaper.' It is certainly doing pretty well, but is nothing extraordinary, after all, in this "Age of Bronze." We could refer to a number of instances, if we mistake not, in which Mr. Y. has been outdone in *quantity*.

MELANIE and Other Poems, by N. P. Willis.—This last production of the American dandy poet is reviewed somewhat harshly in the London Gazette, and damned for its want of originality. The first and longest poem in the work—*Melanie*—we have read, and consider it upon the whole as a beautiful thing, though by no means of the highest order of poetry. It is just such a production as we should expect from a feminine mind—delicate, tasteful, and altogether ladyish. We have now in our mind's eye an American poetess, who in masculine strength and boldness and originality of thought, is far superior to N. P. Willis. However, this much we will say, Willis' poetry in its kind is excellent; and should he live and continue to improve a few years longer, he may, perhaps, be able to produce something which will do credit to himself and to the literature of his country.

Somewhere in Yankee land lives "a queer dick" who rejoices in the stately cognomen of George Washington Dixon, and seems to have a most unaccountable disposition to be an editor. He was formerly, and is now for aught we know, a *buffo singer*—but not making noise enough in that profession, he issued a thundering prospectus for a newspaper to be called the Stonington Cannon. The paper was published at Stonington, Ct., printed at Pawtucket, R. I., and the editor requested that his exchange papers might be sent to Providence. After a few shots, however, the Cannon exploded, and the gunner was found among the missing. We do not mean to say exactly that he took leg bail and cleared out of the universe to escape the cry of 'more copy!' but merely that he was no more seen among the half-starved, half-clad army of editors. This, however, was neither his fault nor his misfortune. One might reasonably suppose that the quondam buffo singer would have been content with his brief experience of types and having once escaped the inky imp, would never again venture within the sound of a printing press—but it is not so. He has just issued a daily paper in the city of spinning-wheels and power-looms away down beyond east somewhere, and seems fully bent upon *revivifying* the present state of the world

and enlightening the good people who live "beyond sunrise." We shall certainly place him upon our exchange list—for he is, beyond controversy, a *rara avis*.

Some graceless wag has been imposing upon the worthy editor of 'We, the People,' (a queer name for a newspaper, is n't it?) something like a column of *original* poetry, which went the rounds of the papers some half a dozen years ago—the production of the Rev. Mr. Peabody. Verily "us editors" have great reason to cry out in the bitterness of our souls—"Our sufferings is intolerable!"

"The Culprit Fay," a poem by the lamented Drake, published as original in the Reflector a few weeks since, appears in the last Boston Pearl also as original. To the latter journal it was contributed by a friend of the editor, and published by Mr. Pray under the impression that it had never been published entire before. It is very beautiful.

Scribblers, attend!—The Pittsburgh (Penn.) Visiter offers a prize of the first eighty volumes of Harpers' Family Library, for the best original tale; the scenes and incidents of which are to be laid west of the Alleghenies. Candidates for the prize must forward their communications on or before the 28th of the present month. Who bids?

"The Spirit of '76," is the title of a new daily paper in the city of New-York. It is edited with ability, neutral in politics, and opposed to Romanism.

To Correspondents.—We have quite a number of valuable correspondents from whom we should be happy to hear much oftener than we now do. Among them are two young ladies—we need not mention their names, they will yet be familiar to the lovers of beautiful poetry—whose favors cannot come too often. P. X. is always welcome, for he always writes tastefully and well. While we are an editor we hope to have him for a correspondent. H. E. A. is one of our favorite writers, and we trust that she will not desert us. And in brief, we hope that none who have contributed to enrich our columns, will suffer their interest in our work to die away. Gratefully we acknowledge their past kindness, and earnestly solicit a continuance of their favors.

We have several communications now on hand which will be published as we find room for them. The article on "Foreign Immigration," we deem unsuited to our columns, it being a political paper, and we have therefore taken the liberty to transfer it to our friend of the Schenectady Cabinet. This disposition of his article, we trust, will meet the approbation of the author.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE FAERIES AND PRINCESS NEL:

OR THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

*Transcribed from the records of the Faery Court,
by order of His Excellency, Lord High
Chancellor Puck.*

In the world's fresh youth when the flowers were not
And the glad, green grass cloth'd each verdant spot,
And the woven tissue of light and shade
From the waving boughs on the greensward played;
The faeries trooped at their monarch's behest,
From the north and south, from the east and west,
And they settled down on an old gray oak,
And their wings' low buzz on the silence broke,
Like a rill that sings in the hush of night
To thank the stars that they shine so bright.
The faery king on his acorn throne,
Like a fire-fly's light mid the greenwood shone,
And his royal robe, of most gorgeous dye,
Wrought from the wing of a butterfly,
And diamonds cut from the morning dew,
Of a keen, clear light and a varying hue,
And his sceptre waving, ('twas a hornet's sting,)
Thus ran the speech of the faery king:

"Faeries, ye know that when first this earth
Rose like a dream of the night to birth,
The creative power sent us out to cull,
From the universe round, all the BEAUTIFUL,
That she, too, might rule mid her sisters fair,
Of paradise lapped in the rosy air:
And well have ye wrought in your wizard art,
To beautify earth and to joy man's heart;
Ye have added hues to the rainbow's arch,
And multiplied joys in the seasons' march;
Ye have made the hymns of all nature heard,
And tuned the songs of the summer bird.
Much yet remains—for the world is still dressed
In the changeless hue of its verdant vest,
While the sky above bath its various stars
And its gorgeous clouds, which are angels' cars
Go forth, and bring from the land, wave and air,
The sweetest of scents, and of tints the most fair:
Then he that the fairest of flowers hath supplied,
Shall have my own Nel—look up child—for his bride!
And here, a year hence, on this very same day,
Bring your flowers for the trial: hence, faeries, away."

A year circled round. 'Neath the ancient oak tree
The faeries and flowers glittered countless,
And here might ye witness, confusedly fair,
Each faerie's bright fancy embodied and rare:
Tints, odors, and forms such as fancy conceives
When sleep its strange, beautiful phantasy weaves,
The dazzling and gorgeous, the modest and sweet
Their beauties breathe forth at the faery king's feet,
Whose eye wandered long mid that wilderness bright,
Bewildered and lost with a novel delight,
Till it lingered at last on a spot where arose
The white lily queen and the fresh virgin rose;
So perfect were both, though with beauties that vary,
That very much *poised* to decide was King Faery,
And he bade the bright creatures that wrought them,
portray

Their charms and their claims to the triumphs of the
day.
When a pert little faery leaped trippingly up
From the far fragrant depths of the white lily's cup,
The piall his rostrum, he poured forth wing'd words
As rapid and sweet as the song of spring birds:

"I have wandered," said he, "from earth's borders
afar

And my tired pinions closed on a dear little star,
The sweetest thing that I know in earth or on high,
Except"—and he bowed—"her highness Nel's eye.
From its beams I have woven these petals so fair
With a few threads of moonlight to soften its glare,
And I moulded its shape from the flowers that I found

Uprising—as music-born—fresh from the ground:
And its odor, 'tis fragrant, diffusive and deep,
Of an angel's breath, caught as he sang in his sleep."

He ceased, and from under the rose's rich shade,
Where a large, dashing faery his nestling place made,
A voice was next heard; and he said, with a smile,
"I had not wandered far, something short of a mile,
For star-journing—excuse me—I thing rather silly,
And I leave all such flights to my friend of the Lily:
But as I was resting—you know I've the gout,
And love not to travel, more than's needful, about—
By yon streamlet, at twilight, this side of the grove,
I heard the low voice of two mortals—in love."
Here fair princess Nel dropt her beautiful eyes,
And the king touched his nose and looked specially
wise.

"The eyes of the maiden were bent on the stream,
The youth's eyes on hers most intensely did beam,
And as warm words of love from his heart's fountain
flowed,

The cheek of the maiden with rich blushes glowed.
Those blushes I caught as they melted away,
And transferred them to flowers that I met in my way.
'Twas a troublesome job—yet when it was through,
Such a sweet place for napping I never yet knew.
And as for the Princess—I know she is fair,
But young brides want such action, attention and care
I hope you will choose that young fop of the sphere,
And leave me in comfort to slumber still here."

The king, still in *dubio*, looked puzzled and queer,
And his eye glanced around him, now there and now
here,
Till it caught a white gleam—it was transient and
brief—

Of a sweet little flower, half-hid by its leaf,
Yet such beauty and softness it seemed to disclose,
He thought it might please more than lily or rose.

"Come forth, thou young faery, from the depths of
that bell,
The claims of thy flower to supremacy tell."

And he stood on the green leaf as lustrous and bright
As the even's rich star on the forehead of night,
And they who her highness watched closely and near
Whispered round—but they might be mistaken—that
here

The flush of her cheek would now fall and now rise,
Like waters that swell 'neath the sunset's rich dyes.

"As I wandered, dejected and saddened," he said,
"In the green, stilly hush of a mountain-girt glade,
With a dream of the lovely that tortured my mind,
For it could not on earth any prototype find,
I heard the low moan of a mortal rise near,
As sad as the plaint of a lost, banished sphere.
I gazed, and a maiden, bright, graceful and frail,
With an eye like a dew-drop, and cheek, oh how pale,
Came slowly and sadly by that stream's bank to lie,
To weep forth her sorrows, to pray and to die.
For there where she sat, in that very same glade,
Had the voice of young love her heart's paradise
made.

And now he had wandered, the faithless, away,
And she, how could she in life's wilderness stay!
As she wept, the light of her spirit grew dim,
And her soul passed away in a prayer for him.
I asked of the angel that stooped down to bear
The purified sprite to the regions of air,
That still it might linger, earth's loveliest dower:
And you see it transferred to this my sweet flower,
An emblem and token of her, the sad maid,
The valley's low lily, the flower of the glade,
And in no spot of earth do such lovely ones wave,
As those that hang thick o'er that false one's lone
grave."

The singing, rejoicing and drinking of dew,
Renewing of old loves, and making of new,
The parties and waltzes 'twere tidings to tell,
That followed the nuptials of young Princess Nel.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

TALKING BACKWARDS.—Uncle Jo's ideas
flow much faster than he can find words to
express them. Going one day into his field
he found his neighbor's pigs enjoying a fine
revel among his pumpkins—a part of a
Yankee's property which he will by no
means permit to be wasted. Driving them
from the field, each of them bolted through
the fence with a share of plunder from the
pumpkin bed. After effecting an ejection
of the trespassers from his premises,
he hastened to the house to tell his help-
mate of the disaster, and expressed himself
in the manner following:

"Wife, wife," said he, "John Down's
field got into my pigs, and when I drove
them, the pumpkins went through the devil
with a pig in their mouths, as though the
fence was after them, and a post tumbled
over me and I'm c'en just dead."

A BEAUTIFUL REFLECTION.—It cannot
be that earth is man's only abiding place.
It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast
up by the ocean of eternity, to float a mo-
ment upon its waves, and sink into nothing-
ness. Else why is it, that the high and
glorious aspirations, which leap like angels
from the temple of our heart, are for ever
wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it
that the rainbow and the cloud come over
us with a beauty that is not of earth, and
then pass off and leave us to muse upon
their faded loveliness? Why is it that the
stars which 'hold their festival around the
midnight throne,' are set above the grasp
of our limited faculties, for ever mocking us
with their unapproachable glory? And
finally, why is it that bright forms of hu-
man beauty are presented to our view, and
then taken from us; leaving the thousand
streams of our affections to flow back in Al-
pine torrents upon our hearts? We are
born for a higher destiny than that of earth.
There is a realm where the rainbow never
fades—where the stars will be spread out
before us like islands that slumber on the
ocean, and where the beautiful beings that
here pass before us like shadows, will stay
in our presence for ever.—*Prentice.*

SLANDER.—He who can choke the sweet
flowers of social love and taint them with
disease, or in the paradise of earthly bliss
where the plants of virtue flourish, spread
the blight and mildew of desolation, hatred
and distrust; who can crush his neighbor's
fame to dust, and build upon its ruins; who
can write infamy upon the brow of others
to prove his own purity, is neither man nor
beast—but a heartless fiend. Those who
have seen their dearest interests tampered
with—who have known what it is to have
the priceless gem of a good name sullied by
the poisonous breath of cold, unfeeling slan-
der; these best can say that he has no heart.
If the lightning's flash ever darts from hea-
ven to strike the guilty down, it will blast
the slanderer's hope.—*Mrs. Hale.*

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